



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 8.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1798.

WHOLE NO. 528.

WATERMAN OF BESONS.

[CONCLUDED.]

HE grew bolder when he had landed at Salamis, the place of his residence. Come, said he, follow me, for it is time that I should be obeyed. I wept and obeyed; and he led me trembling to a solitary pavilion at the bottom of his garden, where I was shut up, under the care of an old slave still more ill-natured than his master. I will not tire your expectation, said he in an insulting manner; but will wait upon you as soon as I have taken a turn about my house. We will sup together: and I hope, my dear girl, that you will allow me to soften your rigour.

The windows of the pavilion looked into the garden; there was an iron grate before them; and the slave, who kept me under lock and key, was deaf to my complaints. My good angel himself seemed to have abandoned me; but my fortitude still remained. However, to confess the truth, I could not help thinking for a moment of the seraglio of Adrianople, and sighed at the idea being no longer in the power of the youthful Abbas. He, at least, never offered violence to my weakness; and Andrew himself allows that my regret was at that moment pardonable.

The night came; and the creaking of bolts announced the old villain's arrival. He came in, and shut the door. Hark'ee, my dear, said he, cruelty is no longer in season. I do not mean it as a reproach; but you cost me a thousand sequins, and I am determined to have a little love for my money.

He had a dagger in his girdle; and the wretch pointed it out to my observation with his eyes. I saw then that nothing remained, but to die, to yield to his desires, or to strangle him. I did not hesitate, and was standing on my defence; when, on a sudden, a shrill voice was heard under the windows. Open the door, you villain! said this voice to the slave; or, you shall die this instant. On hearing this, the Cypriot started and turned pale. Ah! said he, trembling, 'tis my wife! We are betrayed! She came in before he had time to get out of her way.

What! you old rogue, said she, you must have young slaves, must you: and that's the reason you left me so hastily after six months absence, without giving me the least mark of affection! Infamous libertine, you do not deserve to be gentle and so tender a wife as I. While pronouncing these words her eyes were starting out of her head; and her hand, holding a knife, threatened his breast.

Wife, said he, be quiet. I have done nothing to deserve your anger. You ought rather to praise my virtue. The slave will tell you so herself. I have not availed myself of my rights.—Of your rights, you wretch!—Yes, certainly, of my rights; I might, if I had pleased; the prophet says so himself.—The prophet may say what he pleases, but I know what I know; and it is not to folks like you that he allows more than one wife. Come, fair maid, follow me, you shall be under my protection. Yes, yes! I'll give you slave of eighteen years of age with a vengeance.

Madam, said I, while she was leading me across the garden, I admire the noble firmness with which you keep your husband to his duty.—'Tis the only way, said she, to make them love us. They are bold when we are weak, but they are weak in their turn, when we cease to be timid; and with good management we easily bring them to reason.—And are you not afraid, said I, lest, in his violence.—He, in his violence! Why, don't you see that he trembles in my presence? I am the Cadi's niece. I am not the prouder, however, on that account; and though I say it, I am complaisant itself: my husband makes me do what he pleases when he goes the right way about it. But in return I am determined that he shall love me, and that he shall love me alone; for he has promised it; and if he fails in his duty, I know what is mine; so you need not be afraid of his daring to disturb your sleep. He shall stay by me, and you may rest in peace.

And indeed, I passed the night very peacefully. The next morning the inmate upon his telling me immediately and in her presence. He obeyed, without a word. Now, said she, taking him by the beard, my dear little husband let us make peace; for I am an ill-natured and will consent to forget what is past.

I should have laughed at this adventure, if it had set me at liberty; but I had taken into the hands of a Barbary corsair, who was in the Levant, taking in a cargo of women for Egypt. Ah! now, indeed, my poor Andrew, what was going to become of your Bathinda?

The Algerian vessel having put us on board thought no more about us. He was entirely taken up with the working of the ship; for we were no more, in his eyes than a flock of sheep; but a seraglio awaited us at Grand Cairo; and the cruel wind was hurrying us thither with swelling sails. It had been all over with me, if a Maltese galley had not taken the African ship. We were fifteen in number; and the oldest was not more than twenty. You may easily conceive the joy of the French knights at winning from the Infidels so rich a prize.

I cannot say what was the fate of my companions. I fell to the lot of a chevalier de Lancey, the handsomest of the Maltese.

The galley steered toward Marseilles; and during the voyage, I related my adventures to this dangerous knight. I told him how I had been guarded till that time by my good angel.—Who should know that better than I? said he, with a smile. It is I who am that good angel, and who now make myself visible to obtain my reward for all I have done for you. I answered that my good angel had hitherto been disinterested; and that I hoped he would ever remain so.

But while I was relating to him the misfortunes of the young Sophy, he had noticed my emotion, and seen the tears in my eyes; and when he had given me to understand that there was no hope of deliverance for that amiable prince he had heard me heave a deep and sorrowful sigh. This mark of sensibility he took for a proof of weakness; and endeavored to avail himself of it. Let us be sincere, said he. If the young So-

phy had been a Christian, you would have loved him, would you not?—if he had been a Christian, said I, he would have married me; and I should have loved my husband.—As to marrying you, said he that's out of my power: this little cross* forbids me. But I will undertake to love you; and promise you I will acquit myself at least as well as a Sophy.

Sir, said I, may I take the liberty of asking you, whose is the hair that I see inclosed in that pretty crystal heart which hangs at your bosom by a rose-coloured ribbon? (I should have told you that the weather was intensely hot at sea; and that the knight, to breathe more freely, was rather negligently dressed.)

You ask me a secret, said he, which I am not at liberty to reveal.—I think I can divine it, said I. This hair is a pledge of love and fidelity; and in all probability you gave the like in exchange.—'Tis true, answered he, colouring. Well, sir, look at me and see whether it would be worth your while, on my account, to be guilty of infidelity and perjury toward her whose heart depends upon your faith. The knight cast down his eyes. In my youthful reading, added I, nothing entertained me more than the history of Malta; and in the character of the knights I thought I discovered as much generosity as frankness and valor. Be like them, as true as you are amiable; and do not deny me the obligation of being indebted to you for my innocence. In regard to my liberty, which I owe to you likewise, but which I do not hold equally dear, dispose of it as you please, and offer it as an homage to her to whom you have engaged your own. I consent to employ my whole life in her service. You shall say to her; I delivered this girl from slavery: I respected her virtue and her misfortunes; and she thinks it her duty to devote her life in return for my favors. Now as she cannot be mine I should wish her to be yours. Is it not true, sir, that this will be making the most noble, and at the same time the most agreeable, use of the rights you have acquired over me?

He was enchanted with this advice; and in proportion as he had before been embarrassed, did he now become satisfied with himself. By this I learned, that an honest heart is never at ease while harboring a thought that is not so.—No, said the young waterman, a bad intention in the mind is like a thorn in the finger: we have the fever until we get it out.

We arrived at Marseilles, and soon after at Paris. A letter of recommendation to the Countess of M****, the prettiest widow in the world, had preceded me; and on the faith of the knight, I was received with kindness. But at Paris I thought of nothing but the vicinity of Besons; and I managed so well, that one fine day I persuaded my mistress and her knight to make an excursion to that part of the banks of the Seine which was said to be delightful. I found my Andrew there. There he is, said I, on seeing him; there is the man for whom I am destined by heaven. He is faithful to the appointment he gave me upon the

* The cross worn by the Knights of Malta at their button-holes.

market-place at Aleppo. At the same instant I perceived my father. Ah! then, indeed, I lost my recollection, my senses, my every thing; Andrew himself was forgotten. I saw nothing but my father; I fainted away in his arms, and when I opened my eyes again, I beheld him on his knees, watering my bosom with his tears. It was that gentle dew that had just revived me. Andrew, as you may well suppose, could not contain himself for joy. Well, cried he, leaping and dancing; well is not this what I promised you? There she is! Yes, said I, there she is. Such as she was when heaven ordained her birth; and such as she was in her father's arms when he was torn from her embrace. I have gone through some dangers, but without stain; and heaven, that saved my life, is my witness, that I would have parted with my life sooner than with my honor.

The knight and my mistress knew not what to make of this: They thought they were in a dream. But when we were a little recovered from our first emotion, we related to them very nearly what you, ladies, were so good as to desire to hear; and they saw plainly that, with the assistance of my good angel, it was very natural for me to find my father and my faithful Andrew in the cottage of Besons. The latter took the liberty of offering them a matelote; and we supped all together. Our happiness seemed to make them as happy as ourselves; and from that moment my amiable and generous deliverer restored me to my father: to dispose of me as he might think fit. But I insisted upon accompanying my mistress on her return; nor was it till the next day that I revisited the cottage. I found my Andrew there full of love and ardour. My gratitude would not permit me to let him languish in tedious expectation.

The countess and the knight condescended to be present at my marriage. The latter, as a reward for my deliverance, insisted that the wedding dinner should be at his expense; and the former had the goodness to provide my wedding clothes, which I reserve for my daughter.

They would have wished my father to return to the kingdom of Kazan, and reclaim his possessions. But the value of estates in that country resides in the men that cultivate them; and where were we to find those that we had left there? Besides, Andrew thought himself sufficiently rich with his boat and nets: My father, like him, found that he was in want of nothing; and I thought so too. We would no longer tempt the caprices of fortune; and, satisfied with the obscure repose she had granted us, we asked for nothing more.

The good Lucas, who had felt a return of friendship for his nephew, left him his property at his death. We do not touch it: It will be the portion of our daughters, and a resource for such of our children as may find themselves exposed to want. You expect, then, to have a great many, said Sophia--Yes, if it please God, answered Andrew. His providence has taken care of us, and will take care of our children.

Well, ladies, was I in the right, said I, to my fair companions, in saying that happiness might dwell beneath this humble roof? Yes, said they, this is happiness certainly, if ever there were any in the world. But what astonishes the most in their past adventures, and, in their present situation, is that they are not astonished themselves. Why should they? said I. Have they not seen these events naturally connected with each other? Nothing is surprising in this life but the causes and effects, of which the too distant relation conceals from us the way in which they are linked together; and every thing in the world would appear simple and natural, if they saw every thing distinctly, successively, and near at hand.

PERTINENT REPROOF.

A Tradesman of the first respectability, who, from the humble situation of a porter, had raised himself by merit and industry, was one day superintending the loading of some package intended for abroad. One of the assistants ran so far contrary to his directions as to induce him to push the fellow aside, and say, "Let me come, for I shall never bear sense into you." The porter grumbled, and in an under key exclaimed, "You've no reason to be so sharp, you were no better than myself t'other day." This being heard by his master, he thought it no degradation to reply, "If you mean I was, like you, a porter, you are right; and like you, a porter, would I have remained, if I had been afflicted with your idleness, your obstinacy, and your ignorance."

MARY OF CASTLE-CARY

"SAW ye my wee thing?
Saw ye mine ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Croft'd she the meadow
Yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie whar flow'r's the haw tree?"
"Her hair it is lint-white;
Her skin it is milk-white;
Dark is the blue o' her fast rolling ee;
Red, red her ripe lips!
And sweeter than roses!--
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?"
"I saw nae your wee thing,
I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonny thing
Late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie whar flow'r's the haw tree."
"Her hair it was lint-white;
Her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue o' her fast rolling ee;
Red ware her ripe lips;
And sweeter than roses:
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me!"
"It was nae my wee thing,
It was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her heel heart!
Modest her nature!
She never loo'd ony, till ance she loo'd me."
"Her name it is MARY!
She's frae CASTLE-CARY:
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee!--
Fair as your face is,
War't fifty times fairer,
Young brazier, the ne'er would gie kisses to thee!"
"It was then your MARY;
She's frae CASTLE-CARY;
It was then your true love I met by the tree,
Proud as her heart is,
And modest her nature,
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me."
Sair gloom'd his dark brow,
Blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee!--
"Ye're tae fan this morning,
Your boasts and your learning:
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie."
"Awa wi' beguiling,"
Cried the youth, smiling--
Aft went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee!
The belted plaid fa'ing,
Her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the lov'd anaid wi' the dark rolling ee!"
"Is it my wee thing!
Is it mine ain thing!
Is it my true-love here that I see!"
"O JAMIE, forgie me;
Your heart's constant to me;
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!"

MUSICAL WASHING MACHINE.

A Correspondent informs us, that a fertile genius, in the musico mechanic line, has invented a washing machine, which performs several favorite airs, during the operation of purifying the foul linen. This, one may suppose will prove a useful projection: as the persons so occupied, may be charmed with their work, by a succession of harmonious strains; and the sense of labor, through a repetition of "Water parted from the sea," may be relieved by "My Chloë left me in the fuds."

ANECDOTE.

IN the case of Cunningham, lately sentenced to Botany Bay for perjury, the court considered that the offence was AGGRAVATED, by the circumstance of his being an ATTORNEY. But it might have been likewise considered, that if it aggravated the OFFENCE it diminished the SURPRISE.

The following pretty copy of verses we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing---from Coleridge's Poems.

AS fate each flower that sweetest blows
I pluck'd, the garden's pride!
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glow'd his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with the dew.

I softly seiz'd th' unguarded power,
Nor fear'd his balmy rest;
And plac'd him cag'd within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when, unwetting of the guile,
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Ah! soon the soul entrancing sight
Subdued th' impatient boy!
He gaz'd! he thrill'd with deep delight!
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

And O! he cried--"Of magic kind,
What charms this throne endear!
Some other love let Venus find--
I'll fix my empire here."

A FRAGMENT FOUNDED ON FACT.

WRITTEN IN SCOTLAND, BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

DURING a very heavy fall of snow in the winter of 1784, we rode on horseback from Berwick to Kelso, upon the banks of the Tweede, regardless of the remonstrances of many who insisted that the roads were impassable to the west; and in truth it was an act of hardihood and folly, as the congealed flakes were drifted by the blast, and beat violently against our eyes and teeth. At every step the jaded animals were more than knee deep, and may be rather said to have plunged onward than otherwise. When we arrived, with much difficulty, at a naked lonely ale house, near Tweedle, on the river Till, we found an inhabitant of Kelso, who had been detained in this thatched hotel two days, by the inclement season: He sat, in a contracted state, inclining over the embers on the hearth, like the personification of the ague. When he recognized us, his features assumed their wonted firmness, and gathering intrepidity from example, he refused to accompany us, although the roads and ditches were so filled up, that the vast face of the country seemed an unbroken white expanse. On our arrival in the middle of a heath, which we did not accomplish until the insidious approaches of night, we faintly discovered a female form wading and floundering irregularly towards us, in the trackless snow: Her attire was so loose and involved, so much of the simplicity of a villager, that she appeared merely to pass from one neighbor's house to another. Viewing her through the misty atmosphere, we hesitated to pronounce her as human: the contour of her body was so softened by the intermediate vapours, that she seemed aerial. On our coming nearer, we ascertained her, with extreme astonishment, to be the wife of our companion: she had been wandering in a spirit of desperation thirteen miles from her home and from her infants, in that bleak day, to find the remains of her beloved Willy, believing him, from his usual and alarming absence, to have perished in the hard weather. Upon the instantaneous assurance that she beheld her husband once more, she issued a loud and piercing shriek, and sunk motionless in the snow. When we had chased her temples, and imperfectly recovered her, she clasped her hands in all the fervor of exceeding pity, and raising her eyes to Heaven, blessed her God for her deliverance from trouble; and a more genuine thanksgiving never ascended the Empyrean. At the conclusion of her prayer, we placed the shivering amiable woman on the ablest horse, and conveyed her to Coldstream, overpowered by the sensations of an excessive joy, succeeding the conflicts of severe duty and most agonizing woe! What an inspiring instance of conjugal tenderness! Could Comelia or Portia have done more?

Read this, and reflect, ye beautiful but impure portion of my wedded country women, who wantonly forsake the bliss of sympathy for lawless voluptuousness! Whose document breathes hope, but whose principle is misery! Who demand happiness, while ye are recreant to virtue, and fatten Civilian, for arguments erected upon the basis of your eternal shame!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1798.

A Gentleman arrived in town on Wednesday from Boston, who sailed from Falmouth in the British Packet, on the 18th July, a few leagues from Halifax, got on board a fishing sloop, bound to Bolton, where he arrived on Saturday last.

By this gentleman we are favored with the STAR of the 4th and 7th of June; which, besides many other articles, we are unable to give this day, afford the following latest European Intelligence.

Off the Western Islands, the Packet had an engagement with a French privateer, which lasted two hours, in which capt. Skinner was slightly wounded. None killed on board the Packet. As the Princess Royal Packet beat off the privateer, they could not ascertain her loss. The Packet received some slight injury, and a ball went through the boat on deck.

Lord Fitzgerald is dead of his wounds.

There has been a duel between Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Tierney, in consequence of some observations on Mr. Pitt in the House of Parliament by the latter gentleman. A brace a piece were discharged, but no blood shed.

The Star of June 4, says, "Mr. Pitt, continues very much indisposed, and it is said the Bath waters are recommended."

Bonaparte embarked on board the L'Orient at Toulon on the 6th May. The fleet of 15 sail of the line and 18 frigates set sail with a fair wind. SUPPOSED for Ireland. [D. Gazette.]

The intelligence from Ireland is of a very alarming nature. The rebellion in that country is organized, and assumes a shape so formidable, that every possible exertion will be necessary on the part of the English Government to arrest its progress, and prevent this branch of the British Empire from being topped off the trunk. Major General Sir James Duff, with a considerable military force, has opened a communication between Limerick and Kildare, which was considered to be the head quarters of the rebels, whom he found on his arrival retreating with arms. They were followed by the dragoons and a party of yeomanry, who were commissioned to offer them pardon on laying down their arms. This they refused, and fired on the military. The work of carnage commenced, between two and three hundred Irishmen were killed, and the regular troops remained victorious with the loss of 3 killed and several wounded. Kildare and the neighbourhood have requested to make an unconditional submission, and 2000 surrendered their arms to General Lake and delivered up seven of their ringleaders.

We have seen a letter from a gentleman just arrived at Philadelphia, in 10 days from the West Indies, to his friend in this city, in which it is mentioned, that the most famous society, exists at the Cape, on account of no American vessels arriving there lately; they were apprehensive that it was in consequence of war having broke out between us and the Republic of France, which they sincerely deprecate. There is every reason to believe, that on such an event, they would declare in favor of America. The Cape is in great want of provisions and dry goods; produce very low and plenty. Capt Barney is still there and very unpleasantly situated—he has applied for leave to send in his resignation, being resolved not to fight against his own country, but they refuse accepting it. He is, therefore, obliged to go to France before he can obtain a dismissal. This may be relied on. [Argus.]

Captain SMITH of Bolton is dead of his wounds at Guadaloupe—A VICTIM TO FRENCH BARBARITY.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCES.

On Saturday the 28th ultimo, as Theophilus Foulk, Esq. member in the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, for Bucks county, with several of his neighbors, were fishing at Chicken Creek, he entangled his line in the branch of a tree over where he stood, which he ascended to disengage, the limb broke, he fell with his head on a rock, fractured his skull, and expired shortly after.

A Mr David Loring, of Norwalk, was found the 31st ult. in a barn covered up in an oat mow, with his throat cut from ear to ear to the bone. He has left four children to lament his untimely end.

The fever in Bolton cannot be very alarming, because we see the Theatre which last week in consequence of it had been shut, is again opened.

From the Boston Gazette of Monday.

Last Saturday morning Mr. Monkhouse arrived in town from London, via Cape Cod. He was coming passenger in the June Packet, bound to Halifax, but meeting a vessel he got on board and arrived as above. We hear he has brot London papers to the 10th of June, at which time affairs remained in England nearly in the same manner as per last accounts. The French had not at that time attempted a descent of England. We have not been able to obtain a sight of the papers. 'Tis said they contain an account of three pitched battles between the Irish and their would-be masters; in one of which the United Irishmen lost 5000 men, and the protectors of good government 1500.

Extract of a letter from Cayenne, dated July 21.

"By the Frigate Decade, we have received 193 persons banished from France. The frigate is returned—eight of those first banished to this place, have made their escape from Sinnamari, viz. Barthelmy, Lefebvre his faithful domestic, Aubry, Pichereau, Willet, D'Osserville, Rameil, La Rue. It is not known what route they have taken. This is certain.—Froncon de Coudray and Bourdon de l'Oise have lately died. Out of sixteen, there remains only five, who are Lafond, La debat, Barbe Marbois, Rovere, Brothier and La Villemaison. In the number of 193 are 151 Priests of every Department. They write from France that the number of those destined for banishment to Guiana amounts from 7 to 800. What a favor for this country."

Philadelphia, August 7, 1798.

HEALTH-OFFICE.

Whereas the Board of Managers of the Marine and City Hospitals of the port and city of Philadelphia, having received information from the College of Physicians, "that a malignant contagious Fever has made its appearance in Water-street, between Walnut and Spruce-streets, and in the vicinity thereof,"—and the reports of Dr. Samuel Duffield and J. Parke, appointed particularly to examine that part of the city, specifying particular cases found therein.—Therefore Resolved, that in order to prevent as much as possible all communication with that part of the city, that the Health officer cause the vessels now lying at the wharves between Fun-alley and Jesse and Robert Waln's wharf, including the said wharf, to be removed, and that no vessel of any description whatever be suffered to come to the said wharves until the further order of the Board.

The Board also earnestly recommend to the inhabitants of that part of the city included between Walnut and Spruce-streets and the east side of Front-street and the river, and also those immediately in the vicinity thereof, to remove without the bounds of the city and liberties as speedily as possible.

By order of the Board of Managers.

WILLIAM JONES, President.

Attest,

TIMOTHY PAXSON, Clerk.

Petersburgh, May 5.

PROCLAMATION.

"Be it hereby known to all to whom it may concern, to all Europe and the whole world, that his Imperial Majesty, Paul I. has ordered the following Proclamation to be issued by Mr. Prince Alexander Belborodko, First Minister and Chancellor of his Imperial Majesty:

"In consequence of the notification of the Executive Directory of the French Republic of the 23d of Nivose, in the 6th year, importing, "that if any ship, be suffered to pass through the Sound with English commodities, of whatever Nation it may be, it shall be considered as a formal Declaration of War against the French Nation;"—his Imperial Majesty Paul I. has been graciously pleased to order 22 ships of the line and 250 galleys, under the command of Admiral Cruse, M. de Litts, Knight of Malta, to proceed to the Sound, to protect trade in general against the manifest oppression of the Directory, as such proceeding is evidently contrary to the rights of all Nations. His Russian Majesty gives his Imperial word, to protect the freedom of trade with all his power, both by sea and land, which he hereby requires the Diplomatic corps to make known and proclaim."

COURT of HYMEN.

"Possess'd of the object they love,
"Their hearts will be wholly at ease—
"Whilst reason and Heaven approve,
"Their mutual endeavors to please."

MARRIED.

On Sunday the 19th ult. Mr. SAMUEL CROW, mate of the brig Defiance, to Miss ISABELLA CROW, youngest daughter of Mr. Samuel Crow, of Woodbridge, (N. J.)

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Mason, Mr. ROBERT THOMSON, merchant, to Miss ELIZABETH CARMER, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. FRANCIS HANMAN ELLISON, to Miss FRANCES BLECKER, eldest daughter of Mr. Anthony L. Blecker, all of this city.

MORTALITY.

Thus 'midst the bloom of promis'd years,
When pleasure holds her golden reign,
How oft the tyrant Death appears
To dash the sprightly joy with pain!

DIED.

At Charleston, the Rev. JOHN NORTON JONES, minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church there.

At his lodging in Philadelphia, Col. JAMES INNES, one of the Commissioners in the Spanish treaty, for settling losses by Spanish captures.

At North Stratton (Connecticut) suddenly, the Rev. ISRAHAIA WETMORE.

At New-Haven, Mrs. ESTHER SHERMAN, consort of Capt. William Sherman, aged 54.

PROPOSALS,

By John Scoles, Engraver, no 6 Broad-street, New-York, For publishing by Subscription,

AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING, IN MEMORY OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

CONDITIONS.

I. THE size of the Plate to be 16 by 20 inches, and to be executed in the dotted or chalk stile of engraving.

II. It shall be printed on the best paper, and delivered in rotation to subscribers, at 2 dollars and 50 cents.

N. B. The drawing may be seen by applying at the Publisher's.

PRINTS, DRAWINGS, NEEDLE WORK, &c.
Framed with elegance, and on the lowest terms

By Order of the Hon. Richard Harrison, Esq. Recorder of the City of New-York.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the Creditors of John Bayler, an Insolvent Debtor, that they shew cause, if any they have, before the said Recorder, at his chambers, situate in Broadway, in the city of New-York, on the 21st day of September next, at ten o'clock in the morning, why an assignment of the said Insolvent's estate should not be made, and be discharged according to the directions of the act entitled "An act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency," passed the 21st day of March, 1788. Dated this 31st day of July, 1798.

JOHN BAYLER, Insolvent.

Alexander Anderson and others, Petitioning Creditors.

This Day is Published, (Price 1s and 6d.)

To be had at no 358, Pearl-street, and at this Office,

A SERMON,

Preached at the General Election at Hartford, in the State of Connecticut, May 10, 1798,

By AZEL BACKUS, A. M.

Pastor of a Church in Bethlehem.

Just received, and for sale by J. Harrison, Peck-Slip,
The COUNTRY BUILDER'S ASSISTANT,
Fully explaining, the best methods for striking regular and
QUIRKED MOULDINGS:
Correctly engraved on thirty-seven copperplates, with a
printed explanation to each.



COURT of APOLLO.

THE AMERICAN COCKADE.

WHILE some are pretending to this and to that,
And filling each ear with there noise and chit chat;
Of war and of peace---and how we shall fare,
I feel in my hat---if my cockade is there.

While some are pretending that fairly John Bull
Is watching a hit---to take t'other pull;
To pay the old debt---I cry---have a care,
But look in my hat---if my cockade is there.

While others, as grave, will seriously tell,
What Nic Frog will do, when he comes on pell me II
A la mode de la Venise---I cry, hold your clack---
But look in my hat if my cockade is black.

While some are pretending the government's bad,
That for war and not peace they are all raving mad;
T'our country is sold---I look round and stare,
At feel in my hat---if my cockade is there.

While Bache and Tom Adams---of Antis the pride,
Are charged with treason and lying beside,
I cry prenez garde---Brother printers beware,
But feel in my hat---if my cockade is there.

While some are crying lord what shall we do,
Our navy is small, our troops are but few;
I cry my dear friends never seem for to care,
But feel in my hat---if my cockade is there.

While Columbia's fair daughters see fit to display,
The rose a la mode---th y seem for to say
Our husbands, our brothers, will never despair,
While the black and white rose so fairly compare.

TO A FATHER ON THE BED OF SICKNESS

IF filial duty can assuage thy pain,
Or tenderest care, a father's smile regain;
If unremitted watchfulness to please,
Can sooth that pain, or yield one moment's ease,
Be mine the power to bring the wish'd relief,
Soften each pang, and calm the bed of grief;
Be mine the power to read thy languid eye,
Prevent thy wish---and every want supply!

O thou whose voice has still'd the boisterous main,
Receive my prayer and heal my father's pain,
Let not his pangs my tortur'd bosom tear;
Nor fill the best of mothers with despair;
From thy blest hands, we daily good receive,
Complete thy mercies---but my parent live.

ON SOME SNOW, MELTING ON A LADY'S BOSOM.

THE envious snow comes down, in haste,
To prove thy breast less fair;
But grieves to see itself surpass,
And melts into a tear.

ANECDOTE.

ABOUT two years ago, the Duke of Queensbury made a bet of 1000 guineas, that he would produce a man who would eat more at a meal than any one Sir John Lade could find. The bet being accepted, the day was appointed: but his Grace not being able to attend the exhibition, he wrote to his agent to know what success---and accordingly recieved the following note.

"My Lord,

"I have not time to state particulars---but merely to acquaint your Grace, that your man beat his antagonist by a pig and a big pie."

MORALIST.

MORALITY teaches us how we ought to live with men---what a number of discourses, sermons and books there are, which instruct us in the first principles of it! But there are few which teach us how to live with ourselves, and for ourselves alone: it is because the lessons are in our hearts, and depend upon our characters. There are people who have lived sixty years without ever having known themselves, because they have never been at the trouble of studying their characters; for the most trifling research is sufficient to give us that knowledge of perfection. Let it not be imagined, that self-love hinders us from judging truly of our own character; on the contrary, it informs us of our defects, and engages us to correct them, because our happiness is interested therein; it only hinders us from confessing them before others. Let us be sincere---we may be deceived about our defects, but we cannot totally conceal them.

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